

# ARCHIBALD'S AGATHA

By EDITH HUNTINGTON MASON  
AUTHOR OF "THE REAL AGATHA"

## SYNOPSIS.

Archibald Terhune, a popular young bachelor of London, is suddenly aroused from the aimless and indolent life he leads, by the startling news from the law firm of Messrs. Wroughton & Son, that he is the heir to a sheep farm in Australia, bringing in an income of \$50,000 a year. The bequest comes from an aunt, Mrs. Georgiana James of Essex. But makes him her heir on condition that he marry within ten days or forfeit the legacy to a third cousin living in America. The story opens at Castle Wyckoff, where Lord Vincent and his wife, staunch friends of Terhune, are discussing plans to find Terhune a wife within the allotted time. It seems that Lady Vincent is one of seven persons named Agatha, all of whom have been close girlhood chums. She decides to invite two of them to a party at the castle and have Archibald choose one of the guests. Archibald accepts the invitation and the Vincents discuss his prospects in all their varied bearings. He listens to their descriptions of the two Agathas and decides that the sixth shall be his choice. Agatha first and Agatha sixth arrive at the castle. Agatha the sixth strikes Archibald as a hand-painted beauty. Agatha first is a breezy American girl. Only eight days remain for Archibald to secure a bride. Lady Vincent tells her husband that Agatha the sixth already cares for Archibald.

## CHAPTER III.—Continued.

She looked at me with an infinite kindness in her eyes. "Dear Freddy!" she replied, "can't you see that wouldn't do at all? Archibald must prove he loves her, really loves her, before he can know that!" "But I think he does," I expostulated; "I really believe he cares for her! He's always said he couldn't forget about her, ever since that time we were all here together, when you pretended to be Miss Marsh."

"I haven't a doubt of it," she replied. "If I had, do you think I would have invited the poor girl here to be made sport of? Merely for the sordid purpose of providing your friend with a chance to win a fortune? As if the thing were a kind of game of chance, and she the prize for the man lucky enough to guess right!"

As she said this my wife blushed charmingly, and there was a kind of indignation in her tone. I gazed at her. I didn't see what there was to get so mad about.

"So that's what you did it for? Because you wanted to help Agatha Sixth?" I said slowly, with a feeling that I did not yet quite know my wife. I'm always learning something new, it seems to me, about the selfishness and sweetness of her character.

"Stainly," she replied, "I've been Agatha Sixth's confidante a long time, and have known of her attachment for your friend ever since the first Castle Wyckoff house party."

"And had long ago resolved to make her cause your own should a chance of furthering it present itself?" I cried with new enthusiasm for her loyalty and devotion to her friends, "good fellow that you are!"

"Don't," said Dearest; "I've just done my duty!" And I laughed as I heard this new variation of an old theme.

"But still," I said, "I don't see why—if they both love each other and you know that they both love each other—I don't see why we can't tell Arch about it, just to hurry things along and put the poor old boy out of his suspense!"

"Because he must prove that he loves her, first!" said Agatha, in tones of decision. "He must, indeed, Freddy. It's imperative that he should. He's an old dear, of course, but at the same time he's too egotistical for anything—too conceited for words! He thinks every girl he meets is in love with him! And for that reason the pursuit, the wooing, must be entirely on his side and fostered by us with the greatest care. It would ruin Agatha Sixth's chances of happiness, suppose she should marry him, if he were to hear by any means whatever that she cared for him, before he tells her he cares for her. And as likely as not, it would break off the match. Men are that way!"

"I suppose you're right," I sighed, "but it seems hard."

"Suppose?" questioned my wife.

"I know," I corrected myself hastily. "You should," she said. "Do you think you would have liked it?" her eyes suddenly grew very large and swam in tears. "If any one had told you that I cared, before you'd proposed?"

"No," I said, taking out the fresh handkerchief I had just stowed away in the pocket of my dinner coat, and I knelt down beside her. "Then don't you think it would be very unkind of us to rob her of the chance to tell us so herself when he asks her, and him of the joy of hearing it first from her lips? Don't you think it would be sacrilege?"

"Murder," I whispered, and pressed the handkerchief to her eyes. "We were so happy—are so happy ourselves"—she murmured in my ear. "I want them to be, too, so don't let's say a word to spoil it, to take it from them, Freddy, dear!"

"I'd die, first," I told her, and we were silent a long time while the rocks in the beeches outside our open windows, like an array of little old maids in black, solemn and gossiping about us. But inexplicably enough, I never felt the discomfort of kneeling so long, though there wasn't so much as a rug between my knees and the hardwood floor.

## CHAPTER IV.

It was on the morning following that our match-making schemes took a more decisive turn, and the situation which I had resolved to let strictly alone began of itself to develop in a way that really seemed crucial, or I had better say, final.

Dearest and I were playing a fast game of tennis on the court down by the lodge, which was in better condition than the ones nearer the castle, and were hard at it, with the saty-

ring consciousness that things were going well with our lovers pervading every stroke. We had observed with pleasure on the evening previous that Archibald had done nothing but devote himself to Agatha Sixth, and had brought his devotion in public to a well-managed termination by inviting the girl out for a stroll on the terrace "to see the moon!" Happy excuse for seeing each other! Time-honored and time-worn, but as good as new to each fresh pair of lovers! And from this moonlight walk Agatha had augured, and I had hoped, great things.

Then again early that morning we had seen them depart for a drive to the village, where it seemed young Miss Lawrence was Agatha Sixth's last name, just as Endicott was Agatha First's. I have grown so used to referring to them as Arch and I were accustomed to do in the days when there was a necessity for keeping their identities a secret beyond the knowledge of their first names, that I'd almost forgotten they had any other.

The best part of the thing was that although they had only two miles to go, the pair had not yet returned. And it was now high noon. Dearest couldn't get over it, and frisked and hopped so, I had to beg her to remember that she was playing tennis and not "cup and ball."

"Forty love!" I called across the net, serving my fast serve that I seldom use against my wife, in my pre-occupation as my thoughts would persist in dwelling upon Arch and his love affair rather than upon the game. "I say, do you think they can have eloped?"

"That's too good to hope for!" returned Agatha, though she was not so



Fell to Playing Some Pretty Fast Tennis.

successful with the ball. "Game!" I cried, as it smashed into the net. But for once Dearest was not vexed with me for winning. With a smile so abstracted and clairvoyant as to make me guess at once the tenor of her thoughts, she picked up the ball and wandered back to the service line.

"Ready!" she called, but instead of serving, suddenly let her racket fall clattering to the ground. "Wilfred!" she cried, as if a happy thought had struck her, "do you suppose he will ask her today?"

"More than likely!" I answered exuberantly, and then, coming close up to the net, "but I say, sweetheart, aren't you going to play any more?" "O, yes!" she cried, starting and stooping quickly to recover her racket. "Of course I am! I was only just thinking—"

"So was I! But don't let's any more, or we can't play the game!" So we succeeded in putting all thought of the two out of our heads and fell to playing some pretty fast tennis.

Agatha First, I may explain, in the meantime was playing golf all by herself down on the course by the river. Dearest had offered her the escort of young Leslie Freer, the rector's son, who lived down in the village, but she would have none of him, to my dismay. In fact I had begun to feel conscience-stricken almost for fear we were neglecting the poor girl in our absorption in our other two guests, but Dearest had reassured me by saying she thought Agatha First was the kind of girl who preferred out-of-door exercise and her own company to any number of young men.

I had just succeeded in making the score of a hotly contested game "deuce" again, when the dog cart in which Terhune and Miss Lawrence had driven off that morning appeared, approaching briskly from the direction of the castle where Terhune had apparently left his companion on his way to the stables.

"Vantage! In! Game!" called my wife triumphantly. "You're no good at all, Wilfred. Game, set, I re-

plied. "Wonderful good tennis, Dearest, and dropping our racquets, we went to speak to Arch."

I wouldn't have told Dearest for the world, of course, but the truth was that in spite of my praise of her playing, I had let her beat.

"Couldn't you find a groom to take the car down for you?" I inquired rather indignantly as Terhune came to a halt in the road. "Lazy buggars, those grooms!"

"The butler told me you people were down here playing tennis," said Arch, "and I was in such a hurry to see you I brought it down myself. Thought I'd walk back with you, y'know."

Agatha held out her hands to him eagerly as he got down and stood beside us.

"Then you've got something to tell us!" she cried, "you have—I know you have!"

"In a way—yes!" he answered, "but it's not what you think, at least not exactly. By Jove, Vincent!" turning to me, "I'm in an awful mess! A beastly unfortunate dilemma, don't you know?"

"But I don't know! What's the trouble, Arch? Tell us!"

"Yes, tell us!" urged my wife. "Well, you see," began the old boy, and he mopped his brow with his handkerchief in an anxious way that made me feel quite sorry for him. "You see the way of it was, I went and asked her all right, but—"

he paused.

"But what! What did she say?" cried Dearest and I together.

"For heaven's sake!" I added, as he still stammered, "get it out!"

"She said," he replied grandly, "that she cared for me."

"Then what on earth are you putting on such a long face about?" I roared, and Dearest asked him anxiously what was wrong about that.

"Why, the trouble is," he told us, "getting more and more serious, 'that in spite of that admission she won't give me a definite answer until a month from now!'"

"But she can't wait that long!" I expostulated, as if Terhune himself were to blame for this complication. "Don't you see that if you're not actually acting for a fact engaged by the end of this week you might as well

# MODERNIZING UNCLE SAM'S BUSINESS SYSTEMS

ALTHOUGH the ensuing season will be in one sense what is known as an off-year in governmental activities, owing to the fact that there will be a "short session" instead of a "long session" of congress, there will be inaugurated several projects of far-reaching importance. Probably the most important of these new departures will be the scheme for modernizing Uncle Sam's business systems as represented in the routine of the departments at Washington and their "branch offices" scattered all over the country. This



SEN. ALDRICH, HE SAYS THE GOVERNMENT COULD SAVE \$500,000,000 A YEAR ON ITS METHOD OF DOING BUSINESS.

is the undertaking which is one of the pet projects of President Taft and to carry it out congress has appropriated the sum of \$100,000.

Every since he entered the White House President Taft has been inclined with the conviction that the machinery of government could be operated at much less expense than has been the case for years past. Among practical business men the Federal government's wasteful and costly method of carrying on its business has for years been at once a joke and a reproach. And Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island voiced the general opinion when he recently declared that he could administer the affairs of the subcontinent and by the introduction of modern methods and policies save fully \$500,000,000 a year over the present cost.

The recent legislation by congress was designed merely to enable the president to start the ball rolling for reform in the conduct of the Federal business. With \$100,000 set aside to inaugurate the work, the president is authorized to employ accountants and



TYPICAL "MAILING ROOM" IN A GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT. ONE OF THE CLASSES OF GOVERNMENTAL INSTITUTIONS WHERE GREAT ECONOMIES ARE EXPECTED.

experts from official and private life and to inquire into every phase of the methods of transacting the public business of the government in the several executive departments and other governmental establishments. It is expected that many of the recommendations for reforms which will be made by these business physicians can be carried out promptly with no other authority than the order of the president, but where congressional action is necessary there is assurance that it will be forthcoming.

The president has placed this entire overhauling of the governmental business systems in the hands of his very capable new secretary, Mr. Charles D. Norton, who had quite an interval of experience as assistant secretary of the treasury before coming to his present post and who while in that department inaugurated the "house cleaning" of the treasury's business systems which became in effect the forerunner of the broad rejuvenation that is now to sweep the entire Federal establishment. Mr. Norton has invited the leading experts in the country, including such authorities on the subject as Maj. Charles Hine, the reorganization expert of the Harriman lines, to submit written programs for governmental business reorganization and from these propositions he will select plans, to be carried out. It is the supposition that Mr. Norton's private business experience as the proprietor of one of the largest general insurance agencies in the country for years before he entered the government service will stand him in good stead in selecting improved business

systems for the government.

While Mr. Norton will have the general direction of the new project he will have the assistance of a board of directors, as it were—a commission composed of one executive officer from each department and independent bureau at Washington and this commission will co-operate with the experts in bringing about the big reform. The present movement, it may be added, is not designed so much to enable the cutting off of a clerk here and there—although doubtless many clerks will be relieved as a result of its economies—as to formulate an entirely new structure of business methods.

Several of the government departments have started on overhauling of their business systems without waiting for the general reconstruction and what has been accomplished thus far in piecemeal fashion gives a forecast of what may be expected later. In the U. S. land office, for instance, book-keeping methods have been so simplified that a single volume now holds the records that formerly required twenty-one different books. In one office 16 standard printed forms now do the work that formerly necessitated 83 different documents and in the postoffice department \$175,000 a year is being saved in twice bills by means of a new tying device. Indubitably it may be noted that some of the most radical economies that are expected as a result of Uncle Sam's latest move are looked for in the mailing rooms of the departments where tons of government documents are wrapped, addressed and mailed each day.

## Belfast's Great Shipyard

IN MANY respects Messrs. Harland & Wolff's shipyard, Queen's Island, Belfast, is the most remarkable concern of the kind in the world. For many years past they have taken the lead in the construction of the largest ships afloat; they have cut two of the finest liners on the seas in twin, and added considerable to their dimensions; and they have built half a vessel, the stern, half, and had it towed safely from Belfast to Southampton, where it was built into the other half. At present on the stocks of their North yard two mammoth White Star boats of 45,000 tons each are fast approaching the launching stage. This line's entire fleet has been built by Messrs. Harland & Wolff.

From the available record it appears that the first Belfast built ship was a wooden schooner of 150 tons, the builder being a local Presbyterian clergyman. This was in 1836, but it was not until 1859 any serious attempt was made in the shipbuilding line so far as Belfast was concerned. In that year Messrs. Thomas Barnes & Co., in addition to starting the Belfast Ironworks, erected a small ship on the now famous Queen's Island, which has long since lost its insular position though still retaining the name which was given it after the late Queen Victoria's visit in 1849, previous to which it was known as Dargan's Island. The ironworks proved a failure, owing to the heavy expenses incurred in bringing the coal and iron stone to Belfast, but the small shipyard thrived exceedingly under the supervision of Messrs. Robert Hickson & Co., who acquired it from its founders.

Mr. Edward J. Harland, an Englishman, was manager for Messrs. Hickson, and in 1859 he purchased the concern from Messrs. Hickson, as well as a small yard adjoining, belonging to the Belfast Shipbuilding company, where wooden vessels only were built.

Two years later Mr. Harland was joined in partnership with Mr. Gustavus Wilhelm Wolff, a wealthy German, and in 1874 Messrs. Walter H. Wilson (deceased) and William James Pierre (now Lord Pierre), pupils of the firm, were also made partners in the concern, which was subsequently floated as a limited liability company. The business of the firm from the very outset continued to increase by leaps and bounds. In the year 1884, exactly 15 years after Mr. Harland acquired the controlling interest in the concern, there were launched from the Queen's Island yard 42 vessels, aggregating 105,625 tons burden. In the three years ending 1890 their total was 31 vessels, of 126,175 tons. On three occasions since they have achieved the record 12 months world's output, the figures being: In 1907, 82,240 tons; in 1908, 110,000 tons, and in 1909, 106,928 tons.

But perhaps one of the longest of several very tough tasks undertaken by the firm of Harland & Wolff was the lengthening of the Castle line Royal Mail steamer Scot (now the Oceanic, of the Dutch Red Star fleet). It was in 1896 that the Scot, a Greenock-built steamer of some seven or eight thousand tons, was sent to Belfast to have 50 feet added to her length amidships. Messrs. Harland & Wolff undertook the job. The vessel was cut in halves, and with the aid of power jacks the two ends were pulled the required distance apart. Each end was then moved on rollers, and the work was accomplished without hitch or accident of any kind to the complete satisfaction of the owners. Towards the end of the same year the Hamburg-American liner Augusta Victoria was similarly lengthened by 60 feet.

Still more remarkable, probably, was the building of the bow portion of the converted White Star liner Suovic, when that vessel was taken piecemeal off the stocks at the entrance to the English channel some four or five

years ago. The stern portion only was saved and brought round to Southampton, where it remained until Messrs. Harland & Wolff built the bow end, 250 feet long, in the south yard, subsequently, with the aid of three Liverpool tugs, bringing the weird looking half ship right down the Irish channel, round the Land's end, and up to Southampton.

The repairs to the China, of the P. and O. line, and the Paris, of the American line, were also remarkable undertakings, as was also that of the St. Louis for the latter company, The China.

It was in 1870 the first Oceanic was built on the Queen's Island for the White Star company. It was a vessel considerably under 1,000 tons. The second Oceanic, launched in 1892, has 18 times the tonnage almost, while even up till the present day no one outside the management of the firm, with the exception of the heads of the White Star company, knows the exact dimensions of the two giant boats now being built for this great ocean carrying firm, so well has the secret been guarded. That they will be between 820 and 840 feet in length, and of about 45,000 registered tonnage, is the extent of knowledge of the outside public regarding these monsters.

The firm can in no sense be regarded as builders for speed, elegance and comfort for ocean voyagers being their especial motto. None of the boats built by them is intended to exceed 21 knots or 21½ knots, which, it is understood, will be the rate of travelling of the coming White Star liners, the motive power of which will be on the combination principle of reciprocating turbine engines. At the present moment between 11,000 and 12,000 employees are in constant employment, working at high pressure night and day shift, and receiving wages to the tune of over £20,000 per week, while the area of the concern is about 120 acres.

## American Nuts in Demand

In earlier days wherever nuts were found growing in the United States they were to be had for the gathering, and were of no commercial importance. Foreign grown nuts were expensive luxuries. Now our principal nuts are staple market commodities and bring good prices. Foreign nuts are being grown in quantities here, reducing the price of imported nuts. There is a constantly increasing

supply, says the Spokane Spokesman Review. With nuts, as with other crops, it has been found that by selection and breeding, improved varieties are obtainable, of large size, better flavor, thinner shells and other desirable characteristics. The increasing demand for nuts is due in the main to two causes, says Prof. M. E. Jaffe, of the California agricultural experiment station, in a bulletin of the Depart-

ment of Agriculture. One is the better appreciation of the food value of nuts for the average family, and secondly their use by the vegetarians as a substitute for meat and other fatty foods. Nuts, as a rule, contain little water, much fat, are rich in protein, and have been regarded as more or less indigestible. The indigestibility in nuts is said to be largely due to insufficient mastication, and to the fact that they are often eaten when not needed, as after a hearty meal or late at night.



## USTER DIED BY OWN HAND

Robert Jackson, Old Indian Scout and Guide, Claims Great Fighter Shot Himself.

That General Custer, the hero of Custer's massacre, believed to have been scalped and killed by the Sioux in the battle field, was not murdered by the Indians, but died as the result of a gunshot wound fired by his own hand, is the somewhat startling addition offered to history by Robert Jackson of Costilla, Taos county, New Mexico.

Jackson was for nine and a half years a scout and guide for the United States soldiers, his service beginning in 1874 and ending in 1883. Jackson served under General Otis, General Reno, Colonel Benteen, General Miles, General Custer and General Hazen.

At the time of the battle in which General Custer met his death Jackson was serving on the Sixth United States Infantry carrying dispatches to General Otis, then in command of the



Placed a Gun to His Head and Fired.

Twenty-second Infantry. Jackson was with the first company to reach the battlefield after the massacre and gives in detail the scene as it presented itself to him. Jackson says that an examination of Custer's body showed that the wound which caused his death was fired at close range, the powder burns indicating plainly that the pistol was held against the head. Jackson was commanded by General Reno to talk with the Indians after they had been subdued by the United States troops in the hopes of finding out how Custer was killed. The Indians told Jackson that General Custer was the last man to fall in battle. They wanted to take him alive, believing that with him as a prisoner they could force the government to terms. Realizing this fact, Jackson says the Indians told him that Custer placed a gun to his head and fired.

According to Jackson the Indians all loved Custer and called him "The Long Haired Chief."

Jackson is a picturesque character and although he was in long and dangerous service is not receiving a pension from the government, because he was not a regularly enlisted soldier. Friends in Taos county are interested themselves in his behalf and hope to receive aid from him from the government to compensate him for valuable services rendered.

Jackson acted as a scout for General Otis when he went to the relief of General Miles, then being on a detail along the Yellowstone river. Jackson also scouted for General Miles when he was running down Lame Deer and his band. Jackson shot and killed Lame Deer, scalped him and afterwards gave the scalp to General Miles.

After the Indians had been driven into Canada, Jackson acted as a guide when General Miles burned over a large territory along the northern boundary of the United States and drove south the buffalo so that the Indians were forced to surrender the following winter.

Find Letter From General Grant. The Historical association of Los Angeles is to be presented with a number of interesting documents recovered from an outlaw's hut, among them a letter written by Gen. U. S. Grant during the siege of Vicksburg.

The Grant letter was addressed to Gen. Parks and conveyed orders relative to operations in front of the Confederate stronghold. The other papers are supposed to have been stolen from Gen. Manuel Garcia of the Mexican army.

That the documents had been secreted in the hotel for many years was shown by their condition and by the further fact that the hut, a dilapidated old abode near Ferris, was abandoned when the railroad supplanted the stage line on the run between Los Angeles and San Diego.

Soldiers' Care of Their Feet.

In our army more care is taken of the feet than of any other part of a man's body. Your trained, professional soldier knows that if his hands are sound, dry and warm, his hands will be steady and his head clearer. If he has to sleep in a swamp he will use his blankets and other equipment to protect his feet, though his body may be soaking in rain or mud. Anywhere and everywhere, winter or summer, the disciplined soldier who is going to sleep for his night's rest or for an afternoon nap, throws some covering over his legs from the knees down. In our army colds are rare.